VOL. IX.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1893.

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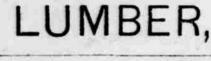
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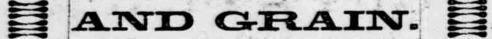
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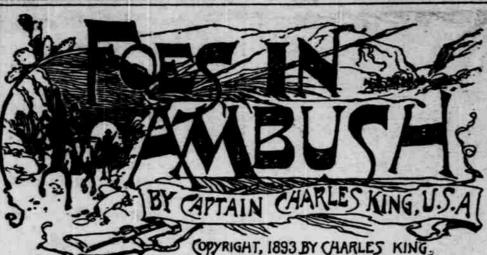
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be accommodated at all times. - NEVILLE BLOCK. feet and were already eagerly follow-



CHAPTER II. Late that night, with jaded steeds, a little troop of cavalry was pushing "Saddle up, men. westward across the desert. The young at the signal peak." since 9 in the morning, after a long night march, they had sought such shade as the burning rocks might afford, scooping up the tepid water from and blankets on the roomy apparejos.
the natural tanks at the bottom of the Drummond was in the act of swinging canyon and thanking providence it was into saddle when his sergeant hastened

The lieutenant commanding, a tall, wiry, keenfaced young fellow, had made leave a small guard with the pack train, the rounds of his camp at sunset, care- or can they come right along?" fully picking up and scrutinizing the feet of his horses and sending the farshoe. Gaunt and sunburned were his Indians have got over that way?" short coupled California chargers, as were their toughlooking riders; fetlocks know they ever went west of the Santa craet, watched him with inquiring eyes condemn the command to another night march across the desert, or remand

them to rest until an hour or so before "How far did you say it was to Ceralvo's, sergeant?" "About 22 miles, west."

"And to Moreno's?" "About 15, sir; off here." And the sergeant pointed out across the plain, lying like a duncolored l' ket far \$75,000. toward the southern horizon. "We can get barley and water at

"Plenty, sir." "The men would rather wait here, suppose, until 2 or 3 o'clock?"
"Very much, sir; they haven't been able to rest at all today. I've fed out the last of the barley, though."

The lieutenant reflected a moment persively studying the legs of the trum-

"Is there any chance of Moreno's people not having heard about the Apaches in the Christobal?" "Hardly, sir; they are nearer the Tuc-

son road than we are. The stage must about north of west of where we are." have gone through this morning early. It's nothing new anyhow. I've never known the time when the Indians were not in the neighborhood of that range. Moreno, too, is an old hand, sir." The lientenant looked long and in-

tently out over the dreary flats beyond | today. If not Indians, whe?" the foot hills. Like the bottom of some prehistoric lake long since sucked dry by the action of the sun, the parched hara without sign of an oasis, a sandy barren shunned even by scorpion and of the distant range was purpling. The golden gleam that flashed from rock to pool, and here the troop addressed as prima facie evidence of moral depravrock as the sun went down had vanished from all but the loftiest summits, and deep, dark shadows were creeping slowly out across the plain. Over the great expanse not so much as the faint-est spark could be seen. Aloft, the greater stars were beginning to peep through the veil of pallid blue, while over the distant pass the sun's fair handmaiden and trainbearer, with slow,

stately mien, was sinking in the wake of her lord, as though following him to his rest. Not a breath of air was

tired steeds broke in upon the perfect | could." silence. From their covert in the westward slope of the Christobal the two sentries of the little command looked upon a lifeless world. Beneath them. low tones, some of them already spreading their blankets among the shelving near the Catarinas." rocks. The embers from the cook's fire sudden spur when sharp, quick and imperative there came the cry from the lips of the farther sentry:

"Fire, sir-out to the west!" In an instant Lieutenant Drummond had leaped down the rocky canyon, and



In an instant Lieutenant Drummond was standing by the scritry's side. fieldglass in hand was standing by the sentry's side. No need to question "Where away?"

Far out across the intervening plain | Tucson and Grant." a column of flame was darting upward, gaining force and volume with every moment. The lieutenant never even paused to raise the glass to his eyes. No magnifying power was needed to see the distant pyre; no prolonged search to tell him what was meant.

No magnifying power was needed to side or other," said Bland calmly, as they rode out into the starlit Arizona the sergeant's fierce reply. "Will you his horse finished his long pull at the search to tell him what was meant.

Apaches, your grandmother: was Jackson, how, rides in as blithe as a May morning—a May morning—a May morning out of which Wing shook with cordial fervor.

Apaches, your grandmother: was Jackson, how, rides in as blithe as a May morning—a May morning—a May morning out of never learn sense, Moore? When did Arizona, I mean. They never get the chat about this apparently frank, open-The troopers who had sprung to their

"Saddle up, men. May moon was sinking to rest, its pure Then came a scene of bustle. No pallid light shining faintly in contrast words were spoken; no further orders with the ruddy glow of some distant given. With the skill of long practice beacon in the mountains beneath. Ever the men gathered their few belongings, since nightfall the rock buttress at the shook out the dingy horseblankets and pass had been reflecting the lurid glare then, after careful folding, laid them his side. Imperturbably Bland concreaseless back of the gaunt withers of tipped to look again, unseen but busy hands heaped their faithful mounts. The worn old stories had been afloat regarding this on fresh fuel and sent the sparks whirl-saddles were deftly set; lariats coiled new acquisition. He mingled but liting in fiery eddies to the sky. Languid and swung from the cantle rings; dusty the with the men. He affected rather the society of the better class of non-tling with the fierce white sunshine, the slipping into carbine slings and horses and men would gladly have spent thimble belts, the quick lacing of Indian likely to be condoned in a recruit. He the early hours of night dozing at their moccasin or canvas legging, the filling of rude bivonac in the Christobal. Ever canteens in the tepid tanks below, while mastery of every detail of a cavalrypots and pans and storing rations, bags and blankets on the roomy apparejos.

> "Beg pardon, lieutenant, but shall or can they come right along?"

"They'll go with us, of course. can't leave them here. We must head rier to tack on here and there a starting for Ceralvo's at once. How could those "It is beyond me to say, sir. I didn't

shoes of leather and shoes of from I can hardly be showed equal wear. A bronze faced there's no doubting that signal; it is to lived for years on the frontier; had bergeant, silently following his young call us thither at all speed wherever been through Arizona with a bull team on the left of the detachment comwe may be and means only one thing -'Apaches here.' Sergeant Wing is banner of the Lone Star when Texas sergeant had come up on the other not the man to get stampeded. Can went the way of all the sisterhood of flank.

> they could have swung around there, and down to the old Spanish-Mexican There's nothing to tempt them along town of Tucson; had tried prospecting, and must have heard it."

south of Moreno's." "I think not, sergeant." The words were spoken in a very expressed entire willingness to officiate prise, his foot in the stirrup, and looked at the speaker, a keen eyed trooper of middle age, whose hair was already

sprinkled with gray. range for nearly 50 miles below here, sir, and haven't crossed a sign, and be charge he had come to the adjutant at greater freedom of intercourse and cause I understand now what I couldn't Camp Lowell, presented two or three

thought must be imagination." "What was that?" "Smoke, sir, off toward the Gila, north of Ceralvo's, I should say, just

"Why didn't you report it?" "You were asleep, sir, and by the time I got the glasses and looked it had Indians are between us and the wer,

or were over there north of Ceralvo's talk with you further about this. Come record. It was entirely comprehensible on with the men as soon as you have and fully in accordance with human earth stretched away in mile after mile | the packs ready, sergeant." And so | nature and the merits of the case that a of monotonous, life ridden desert, a Sa- saying Lieutenant Drummond mounted man should quit drinking when he quit and rode slowly down the winding the army, but that a man with the blot trail among the bowlders. At the foot of an occasional spree on his escutcheon centipede. Already the glow was dy- of the slope, where the water lay gleam- should enlist for any other cause than ing from the western sky. The red rim ing in its rocky bed, he reined his horse sheer desperation and should then be-

> Bland presently joined him. "Where was it you enlisted, Bland?" was the younger soldier's first question. "I understand you are familiar

with all this country.' "At Tucson, sir, six months ago, after the stage company discharged me." "I remember," was the answer as greenbacks." the lieutenant gently drew rein to lift frank as to give the reason of your quitting their employment."

The night came on still as the realms of solitude. Only the low chatter of the men, the occasional stamp of iron

The night came on still as the realms of out here, lieutenant. They fired me to the men, the occasional stamp of iron

They fired me to the distant Santa Maria. Over to the plain. This, too, failed. There was one sergeant who repudiated him entirely, and who openly professed him entirely. shod hoof or the munching jaws of the help himself, and I don't suppose he his disbelief in Bland's account of the other scouts trotting in to the rest touch of departed day. Southward making for Moreno's," vouchsafed the

whiffing their pipes after their frugal support, the troopers were chatfing in support, the troopers were chatfing in support, the troopers were chatfing in support to conceal his weakness, "you before he joined us? I think Murphy's again." With that he pushed out to support to conceal his weakness, "you before he joined us? I think Murphy's the front while the others listened exting in invisible road and far out toward the "Which way, Mr. Harvey, and who

"Yes; that's the time I got drunk, glowed a deeper red as the darkness sir. It's all that saved me from being have been a hard matter to find a sol- Then came the startled cry: gathered in the pass, and every man killed, and between keeping sober and dier in whose favor appearances were seemed to start as though stung with losing my life or getting drunk and so unanimously allied. Tall, erect. Donovan and his horse—both dead."

"My God, lieutenant, it's Corporal to be seen. A lonely spot was this in "You don't tell me!" exclaimed losing a job I preferred the latter."

> gave the company. I told them arched brows; his complexion, naturally Ramon Morales was in Tucson the night dark, was bronzed by sun and sand-

the quartermaster." "Huh! The devil they didn't!" the jugular, and, just missing that, laughed the lieutenant. "They took had laid open the jaw for full four his watch and his money and every- inches. thing he had on except his underclothing. How long had you been driving when that happened?"

"Just eight months, sir, "And did you never serve with the and there the suggestion ended. cavalry before? You ride as though

about that trail to Crittenden as we the occasional clink of canteen, the ride. We make first for the Picacho gurgle of imprisoned water, or, once in pass from here."

"Why, that's south of west, sir," answered Bland. "I had thought perhaps the lieutenant would want to go northward toward the Gila to head off any parties of the Apaches that might be striving to get away eastward with their booty. They must have picked up something over at the Bend."

"They're more likely to go southward. Bland, for they know where we been scouting all the week. No, I'll march straight to the signal. There oughly and to be on the alert for the they must know where the Indians

"Aye, aye, sir, but then you can only pursue, and a stern chase is a long

Drummond turned in his saddle as they rode forth upon the dark falda and all the time the cooks and packers man's duty, and for his readiness to go were flying about gathering up the at any or all times on scout, escort or

> Then he was helpful about the offices in garrison, wrote a neat hand, was ofen pressed into service to aid with the quartermaster or commissary papers, and had been offered permanent daily duty as company clerk, but begged off, saying he loved a horse and cavalry work too well to be immured in an office. even if they do succeed in slipping by ovan and his companion had probably face in the cooling flood and came up He was silence and reticence itself on us.' matters affecting other people, but the "That's more than I can tell, sir. and come riding hard to reach the spot,

in the fifties, and had 'listed under the | mander as he had been directed. The they have jumped the stage, do you southern (not border) states, and then, think, or attacked some of Ceralvo's being stranded after the war, had "bull whacked" again through New Mexico; "Lord knows, sir. I don't see how | had drifted again across the Mimbres that range until they get to the pass mail riding, buckboard driving, gamitself. They must have come around bling; had been one of the sheriff's posse that cleaned out Sonora Bill's little band of thugs and cutthroats and had

quiet voice. Drummond turned in sur- as that lively outlaw's executioner in case of his capture. He had twice been robbed while driving the stage across the divide and had been left for dead in the Maricopa

famous names in the southern army, and the regimental recruiting officer for the moment Drummond forgot the thought he could put up with an occasional drunk in a man who promised to make as good a trooper under the stars and stripes as he had made under the stars and bars. And so he was enlisted, faded out entirely, but it's my belief the and to the surprise of everybody hadn't ahead. We have no telegraph and yet taken a drop since.

Now this, said the rank and file, was "You ride with me, Bland. I'll wrong, either in his disposition or his

> "There's something behind it all, fellers," said Corporal Murphy, "and I mean to keep an eye on him from this out. If he don't dhrink next payday, look out for him. He's a professional gambler laying for your hard earned of a frightened horse, then some muffled

his horse's head. "I think you were so sergeants were becoming gradually the ject, and, spurring his own spirited associates, if not the intimates, of this | charger forward, Mr. Drummond came fine looking trooper, the mass of the "Well, there was no sense trying to regiment, or rather the little detachconceal it or anything else a man may ment thereof stationed at Lowell, looked to lead his boon companion, whom he himself, and that was Feeny. "He cue. "As I remember," said Drummond | may have testimonials from all Texas," presently, and with hesitation, for he said he hotly, "but I've no use for that the corporal, handing up the reins. tous, covered and fringed with black I ought to have known you were here.

watch him close." sible for the safety of your passengers | to mark. His features were fine and "Well, no, sir; not after the warning | heavy curling lashes and bushy, low-

clear cut; his eyes a dark hazel, with the scene. before we had to pull out, and wherever storm to a hue almost Mexican. He saddlebags and packs, and with these desolation of his surroundings. he was that infernal cutthroat of a shaved clean all but the heavy mus- the men scoured the plain for signs. brother of his wasn't far away. I told tache that drooped over his firm lips, Spreading well out from the center, a quiet smile of amusement on his lips, or see any of their people?" them it was taking chances to let Judge and the sprinkling of gray about the they closely examined the sandy level. Sergeant Wing sanntered over and Gillette and that infantry quartermas- brows, temples and mustache was From the north came the trail of two placed a friendly hand on the broad very suspicious of that gang. Why do begged to throw up the job that very night, but they held me to my contract, and I had to go. We were jumped not 10 miles out of town, and before any one could draw a derringer every man one could be descripted to a simple could be de ter try to go through without escort. I most becoming to his peculiar style. cavalry horses, shod alike, both at the of us was covered. The judge might have known they'd shoot him on sight ear tip to the angle of the square, resource that greaser from Hermosillo was lynched. But they never harmed more extended, for the wintest streat sent his mount at a thundering gallop. back across the valley; then 100 yards away, in long curve, he had reined him to the southeast. The troopers who desperate fray a mad sweep had been followed the hoof marks out about an you've lots of friends there, Pike." made with vengeful blade straight for "But," said Feeny, "what could be 50 yards to the front, revealed the fact of Jackson? He gets everything worth

soldierly face that young Lieutenant of the men. "Most men hereabouts served on one Drummond was so closely studying as

"I was born in Texas. Here comes the real past, not the past of his imagination or of his easy offhand description. "Come on, then. I want to ask you By this time, in perfect silence save for a while, the click of ironshod hoof, the troop was marching in shadowy column of twos well out beyond the falda and over the almost dead level of the

> plain. Far ahead the beacon still blazed brightly and beckoned them on. It was time for precaution. "Sergeant," said Drummond, "send a corporal and four men forward. Let them spread out across the front and keep 300 or 400 yards ahead of us. Better take those with the freshest horses, as I want them to scout thor-

faintest sound. Any of our men who know this valley well?" "None better than Bland here, sir," was the half hesitant reply. "W-e-l-l, I need Bland just now. Put some of the old hands and older

heads on, and ton't let anything escape their notice."

"Beg pardon, lieutenant, but what's to be the line of direction? When we started it was understood that we were to take the shortest cut for Ceralvo's, and now we're heading for the Pi-

"No, we make for the pass first; that's the quickest way to reach the signal station, then we learn where to strike for the Indians. Did you ever throat and felt for fluttering heart beat into gloomy silence again, his eyes hear of their being as far west as the or faintest sign of life. Useless. The fixed upon the faint flicker of the bar Maricopa range before?"

been here, and since the lieutenant joined they've never been heard of

crossing the Santa Maria valley." off by troops from Grant and Bowie, in some way from the detachment, Don- with a sudden plunge he doused his hot

he was personally concerned. Any- along this week; they heard it from the and beards were uniformly ragged; Maria."

shoes of leather and shoes of iron

"I can hardly believe it now, bet said. He was raised in Texas; had Cienega three days ago."

Drummond, quickly.

"Why, Patterson told me, sir, and Lucas and Quinn, and I think Bland here was talking with the train escort "Did you, Bland?" asked the lieu-

tenant, as he whirled suddenly in his saddle and faced the trooper. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply "several of the men spoke of it. It's about the most welcome piece of news they could give to fellows who had four

months' pay due." In the isolation of this mountain scouting business, when, as often hap-"Why not, Bland?" range, an episode which he said was pens, one officer is out alone for weeks "Because we have been along the the primal cause of his dissipations with no comrades or associates but his account for at 2 o'clock-what 1 certificates of good character and brav- mander and some, at least, of his party ery in the field from officers who bore than would ever be the case in years of garrison life; and so it happened that

> "It is most extraordinary," he said, 'that just when a paymaster is anxious to keep secret the date and route of his coming the whole thing is heralded three days ago we knew that Major Plummer was starting on his first trip. proof positive of something radically He ought to have been at Ceralvo's last night. By Jupiter! suppose he was -and had but a small escort? What else could that signal fire mean? Here! get those men out to the front now at once; we must push ahead for all we're

And so at midnight, with steeds panting and jaded, with the pass and the Picacho only four miles ahead, the little detachment was tripping noiselessly through the darkness, and, all alert and eager, Drummond was riding midway between his scouts and the main body so that no sound close at hand might distract his attention from hails or signals farther out. Suddenly he heard an exclamation ahead, the snort objurgations, a rider urging a reluctant And so while the seniors among the steed to approach some suspicious ob-

hated to pry into the past of a man who sort of credentials. Who can vouch "There's something out here this brute masses of cedar, stunted pine and juni- I'm Ned Harvey." And the taller spoke so frankly and who made no for his goings and comings hereabouts shied at and I can't get him near it per. rales gang held up last November over and belonged to his troop you bet I'd pectant. A moment later a match was struck, and presently burned brightly Now, in all the command it would in the black and breathless night.

Whirling sharply around, the rider had geant; it may be hotter, but it isn't as sent his mount at a thundering gallop. lonely as this infernal hole. eighth of a mile declared that, unhave been doing, and in what position that at the edge of a little depression having. I'm shelved for his sake day could be have been, sitting or standing, and behind some cactus bushes three after day." stween to get a saber stroke like that? Where human forms had been lying prone, was his guard? A bowie knife, now"- and from this point probably had sped such quest as that. Those greasers have the deadly bullet.

But it was the scarred side of Bland's "Apaches, by God!" muttered one

side or other," said Bland calmly, as they rode out into the starlit Arizona the sergeant's fierce reply. "Will you May morning-a May morning out of chat about this apparently frank, open-hearted trooper, and had found himself and heeled boots? There's no Apache stays too long; he ought to be back here "Confederate," was the brief reply. more than once speculating as to his in this, heutenant. Look here, sir, and now

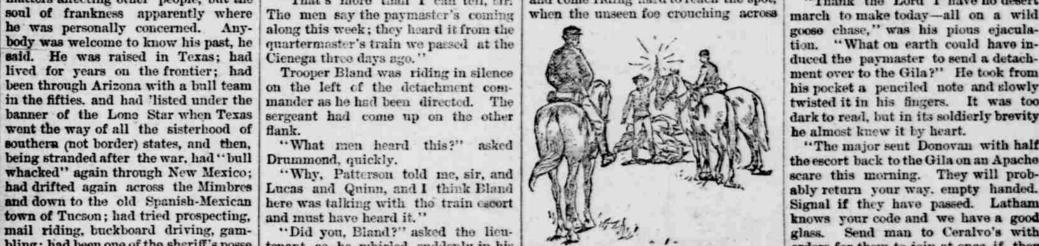
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here. Move out farther, some of you fellows, and see where they hid their in a hurry with Pat Donovan and those horses. Corporal Donovan was with C troop fellows spending their money C troop down the Gila last week, sir. like water at Ceralvo's.' They were to meet and escort the pay-master most like. It's my belief he do you, Pike? I think they're not. I was one of the guard and that the am- flagged old Feeny half an hour ago

Apaches, and God knows what's hap- "I don't know his name. 'Dutchy pened if they've got away with Patsy. | they call him in C troop. He's on Sure he was one of the nerviest men in his second enlistment."

the whole troop, sir." a-tingle, even while with hurried hands lists in this territory must be either he cut open the shirt at the brawny drunk or Dutch." And Pike relapsed shot hole under the left eye told lights at Ceralvo's miles away, but "Never, sir, in the whole time we've plainly that the leaden missile had Wing only laughed again, and still torn its way through the brain and puffing away at his pipe went on down that death must have been instan- the winding trail to where in the deep taneous. The soldier's arms and ac- shelter of the rocky walls a pool of "What on earth could tempt them | conterments, the horse's equipments, | water lay gleaming. Here he threw out so far? There's nothing to be were gone. The bodies lay unmuti- himself flat, and lying aside his pregained and every chance of being cut lated. The story was plain. Separated rious pipe drank long and eagerly; then sighted the signal blazing at the pass dripping.



their path had suddenly fired the fatal shots. Now, where was the paymas- gone there." ter? Where the escort? Where the men who fed the signal fire—the fire and again had Wing been speculating that long before midnight had died ut- as to what it all meant. When the esterly away? Whither should the weary | cort with the ambulance and paymaster detachment direct its march? Ceralvo's lay a dozen miles off to the northwest, Moreno's perhaps eight or nine to the southest. Why had the escaped trooper headed his fleeing steed in that the answer was both prompt and posidirection? Had there been pursuit? Aye, 10 minutes' search over the still or north of west of his station, and up and desolate plain revealed the fact toward the Gila, Wing scouted the sugthat two horsemen lurking in a sand gestion. He wished, however, that pit or dry arroyo had pushed forth at Jackson were back with such tidings as top speed and ridden away full tilt he had picked up at Ceralvo's. It was across the desert, straight as the crow always best to be prepared, even though flies, toward Moreno's well. Even this was some distance away from the while Drummond, holding brief consul- customary raiding ground of the tribe. Just then there came a hail from tation with his sergeant, was deliberating whether to turn thither or to push aloft. Pikey was shouting. for the signal peak and learn what he

of the now dismounted troop clustered about the body of their comrade. "Another fire, lieutenant! Look!out here toward the Santa Maria." The sergeant sprang to his feet, ply. shouldering his burly way through the excited throng. One moment more and he called.

"No signal this time, sir. By God, they've fired Moreno's ranch!"

CHAPTER III. evening the sergeant in charge of the ing lantern could be seen following the little signal party at the Picacho came winding of the rough and rock ribbed strolling forth from his tent puffing at road. Then came the click of ironshod a battered brier root pipe. Southward hoofs, the crack of the long mule whip, and a few hundred feet below his perch and a resonant imprecation in Spanish the Yuma road came twisting through leveled at the invisible draft anipresently upon the corporal just dis- the pass, and then disappeared in the mals. Bounding lightly down the mounting in the darkness and striving gathering darkness across the desert southward path, Sergeant Wing soon plain that stretched between them and reached the roadside, and there found still, beyond the narrow and tortuous | soldier. "Hold him a minute, Burke," said pass, the range rose high and precipi- "Oh, is that you, Sergeant Wing?

Gila, a faint light was just twinkling. | are with you?' There lay Ceralvo's, and nowhere else, save where the embers of the cook | Concord behind us, going to visit the fire still glowed in a deep crevice among old folks for a few weeks before their was his comrade, sitting moodily on a at Moreno's, I suppose?" Ten minutes' investigation threw but | convenient rock, elbows on knees and | "Yes; the governor meets us there

"Well, Pikey, are you wishing your-

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't. wounded, both horse and rider were At all events, I've none here. Why in making the best of their way toward thunder couldn't you let me look into Moreno's ranch. Farther search, not that business over at Ceralvo's instead

"Couldn't send you, Pike, on any sharp eyes, and one look at your face would convince them that we'd lost our grip or were in for a funeral. "Apaches, your grandmother!" was Jackson, now, rides in as blithe as a The taller horseman held out his hand,

"Humph! he'll be apt to come back

bulance has been jumped this very that they hadn't come through here."
light. These are road agents, not "Who was that fellow who rode back here with the note?" asked Pike.

Drummond listened, every nerve "More fool he! The man who re-en-

"Thank the Lord I have no desert goose chase," was his pious ejaculaduced the paymaster to send a detach-ment over to the Gila?" He took from his pocket a penciled note and slowly twisted it in his fingers. It was too dark to read, but in its soldierly brevity

he almost knew it by heart. "The major sent Donovan with half the escort back to the Gila on an Apache scare this morning. They will probably return your way, empty handed. Signal if they have passed. Latham knows your code and we have a good glass. Send man to Ceralvo's with orders for them to join at once if they haven't come, and flag or torch when they pass you. It's my belief they've

This was signed by Feeny and over went through before the dawn, Feeny had roused him to ask if anything had been heard of Indians on the warpath between them and the Sonora line, and tive, "No." As for their being north

"All right," answered Wing cheercould from the little squad of blue ily; "be there in a minute," and then jackets there on duty, the matter was he went springing up the trail as though decided for him. Sudden and shrill the climb of 400 feet were a mere bagthere came the cry from the outskirts atelle.

"What's up? Jackson here?" he asked, short of breath, as he reached the little nook in which their brush covered tents were pitched. There was no re-

"Pike! O Pike! Where are you?" his voice was heard in louder, fiercer | And presently, faint and far, somewhere down in the dark canyon to the south, a voice replied:

"Down hyar. Something's coming up the road.' Surely enough. Probably a quarter Shortly after sunset on this same hot mile away a dim light as of a swing-

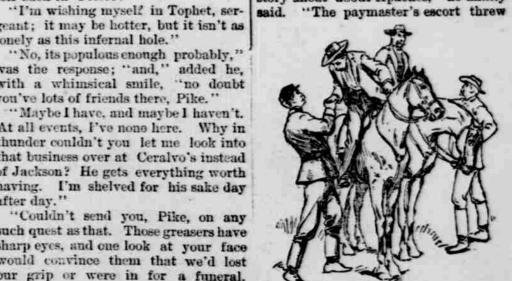
horseman held out a hand, which Wing

"Home to Tucson. My sisters are in

And even there Mr. Drummond noted | which to spend one's days, yet the sol- | Wing. "They're the first ladies to pass "Yet you were in a measure respon- with an easy grace that none could fail that Bland was about the first of the dier in charge seemed in no wise op- through here since I came on duty at column to come hurrying forward to pressed with sense of isolation. It the station two months ago. You stay

> little light upon the tragedy. Some chin deep buried in his brown and hairy with relays and four or five men. We stumps of candles were found in the hands, who seemed brooding over the knew there would be no danger west of the Santa Maria." "W-e-l-l, did you stop at Ceralvo's

"No, I never put in there. Father's Wing hesitated. "There was some story affoat about Apaches," he finally



morning, and I sent one of my two men